



# THE ACTORS NAMES



# THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CÆSAR.

*Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.*

*Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners  
ouer the Stage.*

*Flavius.*

**H**ence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:  
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not  
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke  
Vpon a labouring day, without the signe  
Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?

*Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.*

*Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?  
What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on?  
You sir, what Trade are you?*

*Cobl. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am  
but as you would say, a Cobl.*

*Mur. But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.*

*Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vie, with a safe  
Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.*

*Fla. What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue,  
what Trade?*

*Cobl. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me; yet  
if you be out Sir, I can mend you.*

*Mur. What meanst thou by that? Mend mee, thou  
lawey Fellow?*

*Cob. Why sir, Cobble you.*

*Fla. Thou art a Cobl, art thou?*

*Cob. Truly sir, all that I liue by, is with the Aule: I  
meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens mat-  
ters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes:  
when they are in great danger, I recover them. As pro-  
per men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, haue gone vp-  
on my handy worke.*

*Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?  
Why dost thou leade these men about the streets?*

*Cob. Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my  
selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holy-  
day to see Cæsar, and to reioyce in his Triumph.*

*Mur. Wherefore reioyce?*

*What Conquest brings he home? and what  
What Tributaries follow him to Rome,*

*To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot-Wheels?*

*You Blotches, you stones, you worse then senselesse things:*

*O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,*

*Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft?*

*Haue you climbd vp to Walles and Battlements,*

*To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,*

*Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue late*

*The liue-long day, with patient expectation,*

*To see great Pompey passe the streets of Rome;  
And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,  
Haue you not made an Vniuersall shout,  
That Tyber trembled vnderneath her banks  
To heare the replication of your sounds,  
Made in her Concaue Shores?*

*And do you now put on your best attyre?*

*And do you now cull out a Holyday?*

*And do you now strew Flowers in his way,*

*That comes in Triumph ouer Pompeys blood?*

*Be gone,*

*Runne to your houses, fall vpon your knees,*

*Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague*

*That needs must light on this Ingratitude.*

*Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault*

*Assemble all the poore men of your sort;*

*Draw them to Tyber banks, and weepe your teares*

*Into the Channell, till the lowest streame*

*Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.*

*Exeunt all the Commoners.*

*See where their basest mettle be not mould,*

*They vanish tongue-ryed in their guiltinesse:*

*Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,*

*This way will I: Disrobe the Images,*

*If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.*

*Mur. May we do so?*

*You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.*

*Fla. It is no matter, let no Images*

*Be hung with Cæsars Trophies: lie about,*

*And driue away the Vulgar from the streets;*

*So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke.*

*These growing Feathers, pluckt from Cæsars wing,*

*Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,*

*Who else would soare about the view of men,*

*And keepe vs all in seruile fearefulnessse.*

*Exeunt*

*Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Courso, Calphurnia, Portia, De-  
cimus, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: af-  
ter them Murellus and Flavius.*

*Cæs. Calphurnia.*

*Cask. Peace ho, Cæsar speakes.*

*Cæs. Calphurnia.*

*Calp. Heere my Lord.*

*Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonio's way,*

*When he doth run his course. Antonio.*

*Ant. Cæsar, my Lord.*

*Cæs. Forget not in your speed Antonio,*

*To touch Calphurnia: for our Elders say,*

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*The*